

SORROW.

Sorrow, my guide, my teacher and my mate,
To whose divine companionship I owe
All that I feel and much of what I know,
Think not I scorn, O Sorrow, that my fate
Hath brought me nigh to such a potentate.
Yes, such a king as thou art. Men may grow
To love the cross they bear, and even so
Should I love thee, whose pomp of somber state
Is with me always. I have seen thee send
And pluck his morsel from the lips of Joy
In mid-fruition; yet thou art a friend.
Even to the bliss thou seemest to destroy.
Thou art more tender far, and far more fair,
Than she who else would haunt me—dumb De-
spair.

—Exchange.

ON THE ROOF.

Have you never read of a person's hair turning gray in a single night? Of course you have. The old story books are full of such tales. I can remember dozens of them—stories reeking with gore and dank with dungeons, and gruesome with ghosts and other uncanny things. The heroine, and sometimes the hero, goes to bed at night with hair as black as the raven's wing, and along in the night come the horrors, whatever they are, and in the morning the raven hair has turned a snowy white.

I can remember, too, that I never used to take any stock in such stories. I used to hear them read, and get up quite a respectable thrill at the most horrible portions, especially when the candle flickered awfully, leaving everybody in total darkness, just as a deep groan was heard or a long, shuddering cry, like the wind through the weeping willows in a graveyard.

Oh, yes! I was quite susceptible to touching passages like those, and I used to hurry up to bed and tuck my head under the clothes and shiver with the most timid of them. But somehow or other I could not accept the hair turning part of the story. I knew that hair, black or white, could stand on end, but that a good head of black hair would bleach itself out between dark and daylight was a little too much to swallow.

I know better now. I have had a little experience of my own which—but perhaps it is best to tell the story as it occurred.

It was on the roof of the cathedral at Milan. We had climbed the stairs in the late afternoon of a beautiful spring day, after paying the custodian the insignificant price he asked for all the glories visible from the elevated station. We had looked through the telescope—for another fee—and had been assured the others that we saw Mont Blanc perfectly well, without for a moment believing what the others said or convincing them that we told the truth, and had ended our climb by ascending to the highest point under the lantern—if it is a lantern—by the corkscrew staircase, which will scarcely permit any but the thinnest persons to pass when one is going up and the other coming down.

We were a party of four, and when the roof was reached the youngest proposed a ramble over that portion of the structure. To this all but myself assented. I was tired and proposed to rest awhile at the foot of the tower stairs, where the others were to pick me up on their return, so that we might all descend together. This was satisfactory and off they started.

For a time I was quite comfortable, and paid no attention to the passage of time; but I suddenly noticed that it was getting dark and that my companions had not returned. I called to them first in a moderate tone of voice, then more loudly, but received no answer.

Fearing that they would be belated on the roof I started in search of them. I walked the entire length of the ridge of the main roof and peered down all the side passages in the gathering dusk, but caught no glimpse of my companions. Then I descended to the roof of the aisle and made a search there which was also fruitless. I became alarmed as the light failed, and ran from one point to another, calling out as I ran, until I found, to my great distress, that I had lost my way. I could see far below me the lights of the great city and hear the distant rumbling of the carriages as they drove past on the stony streets.

But I was as effectually lost for the moment as if I had been in the heart of an African jungle without a compass and no Stanley on the alert to hunt me up. In the excitement and despair which the consciousness of this fact produced, I rushed about so wildly that I slipped and fell on a long flight of stone steps, wet with the dew which had begun to fall. I was not conscious of any serious injury from the fall, but when I brought up at the foot of the stairs and tried to regain my footing, I found, to my despair and horror, that I was utterly unable to move my limbs. I was paralyzed.

The mental agony I suffered is inconceivable. Yet curiously enough I spent the first moments in speculating as to the exact nature of the injury I had sustained. Had I broken my back or simply injured my spinal cord? I tried to recall what I had heard my doctor friends say about injuries of similar character, but could not seem to remember anything definite. The words, "the fifth pair," flashed into my mind and appeared to connect themselves in some way with my condition; but whether it was the fifth pair of nerves or ribs, or of something else, I could not make out. I could not understand either how I could have been so seriously injured without any sensible shock, but that my power of locomotion was gone there was no doubt. I could move my hands and I began to speculate on the number of things one could do with one's hands alone. This occupied me for what seemed to be an hour; but as the train of thought was interrupted by a clock striking the hour of midnight, I concluded it must have been much longer, and wondered I had not heard the preceding hours.

Suddenly the full horror of my condition flashed upon me. I was not only doomed to remain where I was, helpless and alone, during the long chilly hours of the night, but there was no certainty that I would ever get away alive. My friends would never dream that I was

there. They had undoubtedly concluded that I had gone down, and if they missed me would search everywhere but in the right place. It might be days before the particular spot in which I lay would be visited, and in that case it would be too late. Starvation would do for me, even if the injury I had received did not. In my anguish I shrieked aloud, but was dully conscious all the time that nobody could hear me. Visitors and custodians alike must have departed hours before; and even if my cries were heard from the streets below nobody would attribute them to their real source.

To the feeling of acute anguish succeeded one of blank despair. I no longer speculated on the possibility of being discovered, dead or alive. There was a dull leaden feeling at my chest, and I found myself repeating mechanically old rhymes and jingles and saying the alphabet backward, as I once learned to do in seeking relief from insomnia. Yet at the same time I was conscious that my whole life was passing in review before me, as they say it does when one is drowning or being hanged. I remembered that saying, too, and without any cessation of the review I wondered in my doubled consciousness if I were undergoing the sensations of a drowning man, or of one being hanged, and wished I could put them down on paper for the benefit of the rest of mankind.

What struck me as singular was that the clocks kept on striking twelve. The second time they did this I thought I must have lost consciousness for an entire day, and that this was the second midnight. But when the third stroke of twelve came from half a dozen clocks, I knew it could not be two days since I had fallen.

I thought first that I had become deaf, and then it occurred to me that if I were I could not reason about it in that fashion, so the clocks themselves must be crazy. This theory satisfied me until the striking began again, when I went off in another fantastic speculation. My friends had discovered that I was missing, and were having the bells rung to keep my spirits up.

Oh, the long, long, weary hours I spent in waiting for a glimpse of daylight. I had no hope that daylight would bring me any relief, but the prospect of staying where it was endless midnight seemed unendurable. I groaned and wept and dug my nails into the palms of my hands until it seemed as if the blood would come; but I did not even feel any sense of pain.

It must have been after the clocks had struck midnight a dozen times or more—I kept no exact account—that I saw in the distance at what seemed to be the farther end of the cathedral roof two faint glimmers of light. Presently there were two more and then two more, until there was a regular procession of them. I tried to shout, but had become so weak with cold and suffering that I could not raise my voice above a whisper.

The lights nevertheless approached, growing gradually stronger, until I could see that they were borne by several black-robed figures who were marching beside a coffin. As the procession moved slowly toward me I began to wonder what it meant, and whether funerals took place at midnight on the roof of Milan cathedral. Then I speculated a moment on the propriety of disturbing the obsequies even in my extreme need. Suddenly it dawned upon me that this was my own funeral, and I knew that I was either dead or had gone mad. In the supreme anguish of this discovery all memory of past suffering was blotted out, and I entered on a new period of the most exquisite torture. As the foremost of the moving figures reached me I felt a grasp on my arm and a voice called in my ear:

"Wake up, father; it's time to be going down. I guess you must have had your yoke turned."

It was my daughter, and beside her were the rest of the party, flushed with their ramble on the roof. I straightened out my cramped limbs, which must have gone to sleep about the time I did, and pulled out my watch. I had been there just fifteen minutes.

I don't mean to be understood that my hair really did turn gray in that night of horror on Milan cathedral. In the first place there is not much of it and what there is has been tolerably gray for some years. Put I do mean to say that I am no longer incredulous as to the possibility of such a capillary change as the story books tell about. I am quite sure that if any man or woman really had just such an experience as I thought I had, his or her hair would turn gray provided of course he or she had any hair that was not gray already.—True Flag.

Overreached Himself.
A shoe manufacturer of New England, becoming dissatisfied with the efforts of his salesmen, started over the route of one of them (without his knowledge) to see what he could do in the way of selling goods. He didn't meet with any success, and at last, on learning from an old customer that he was too late, the order having been placed, he offered to take the order at one cent per pair less if the dealer would countermand the one he had given. This was agreed to, and the manufacturer returned with the feeling that his journey had not been an entire failure. But he discovered on looking at his correspondence that it was an order taken by his own salesman which he had bribed the dealer to repudiate. Then he so liloquized in language more emphatic than orthodox.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Euphuism.
There is some little difficulty in defining what euphuism really is, owing to the indiscriminate use of the word as a kind of synonym for the artificial wit and general affectation of Elizabethan times. The distinctive characteristics of Lyly's euphuism are now considered to be transverse alliteration, elaborate antithesis and a redundancy of similes from simple phenomena or fabulous natural history.—Chambers' Journal.

The usual gentle Emerson can be cynical sometimes. This sentence of his is bitter enough for Timon: "Most men and most women are merely one couple more."

The Bambino.

In the old church of Ara Celia, near the top of the capitol steps, in the city of Rome, is a little treasury room where the sacred vestments are kept, and where, in a wonderful little repository, lies a wooden doll called the sacred bambino, representing the Holy Child Jesus. So strong is the superstition with regard to this child that in cases of illness it is sent for and taken in great state by some dignitary of the church to the bedside of sufferers who believe in its miraculous power to heal and bless. In this old church, around the altars, are the offerings of those who claim to have been healed of their infirmities by the miraculous power of this wonderful child.

Here are repetitions in wax of maimed limbs; pictures of people rescued from burning houses; of children who fell from windows, receiving no harm; of men drowning in swollen streams, saved by the sight of this little child appearing on the brink. Before the altar may always be seen a kneeling throng, for the hearts of a great many of the people have opened and taken in a love for and a faith in this wonderful little wooden doll. At times there have been rumors of the bambino having been stolen, or because of its displeasure at the sins of the people, having withdrawn itself from sight.—Harper's Bazar.

The Selection of Fruit.

Care should be exercised in the selection of fruit, as it is just as easy and as cheap to buy good fruit as the bad stock. Never buy a cat in the bag; or in other words, fruits or nuts that are placed in packages by the dealers, for the chances are against the purchaser receiving the same quality as is exposed to view. For instance, the wagon fruit peddler's profit is derived, not from the sale of short measures, but from the disposal of the bad and poor stock which he has. The peddler will search the wholesale market through for a damaged stock of grapes or bananas which he can purchase cheap. After an hour or two of mysterious work he has his wagon or handcart properly arranged for appearance on the public thoroughfares.

The first customers are almost sure to find themselves cheated after examining their purchases on their arrival at home. The good stock is held to attract the late trade. If you watch a peanut peddler just after he has located on a corner for business you will see him with a paper sack in hand picking out the discolored nuts, which will go to the first customers, and so it is with all hucksters. Pick your own goods and then you are sure not to be cheated.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Humor from the Isle of Man.

In the Isle of Man, as in Scotland, much of the humor depends upon odd turns of expression. "If I ever I get to heaven pass'n' (parson), said an old parish clerk, "it'll be under your patronage." The notion here is funny enough, giving a vivid glimpse of the future state as depicted by a man who had seldom been outside his own parish. Or the humor may consist merely in the unexpected use of some particular word.

A queer old character who had been given a new muffer and kept it carefully wrapped up in paper instead of using it, replied to all remonstrances, "I'm not going fur to make a hack of it at all." Upon another occasion he remarked to a visitor, who had been much benefited in health by a residence in the island, "Yor iss a much better gentleman now till you wass when you came," with which may be compared the courtly minister's "who putteth her ladyship's trust in thee."—London Saturday Review.

The Neptune's Head.

Above a butcher's stall on the west side of prosaic Washington market stands a peculiar relic. It is a beautifully carved idyllic head of Neptune, and once upon a time it graced the prow of some long gone clipper. Covered with grime and festooned with cobwebs, it looks down from its perch with the same graven smile with which it once met tempest and calm alike. It is cut from a block of English oak, and the craftsman who fashioned it was a master hand, for it has the breadth of treatment and firmness of detail of an antique Grecian bust. Properly mounted it would make a most effective ornament for a mantelpiece or center table, and in the hands of a curiosity collector who knows his business would undoubtedly bring a stiff price.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Value of Cold Sponging.

Accustom yourself to the use of sponging with cold water every morning on first getting out of bed. It should be followed by a good deal of rubbing with a wet towel. This has considerable effect in giving tone to the skin and maintaining a proper action in it, and thus proves a safeguard to the injurious influence of cold and sudden changes of temperature.

Sir Ashley Cooper, the celebrated English physician, said: "The methods by which I have preserved my own health are temperance, early rising and sponging the body with cold water immediately after getting out of bed, a practice which I have adopted for thirty years without ever having taken cold."

Health of the Survivors of the War.
While the health of some men have been improved by their military service during the war, even to the preservation of lives that would have been lost had the owners remained exclusively in civil life, the health of the average veteran has been deteriorated by his service, and that he suffers more from illness and has a somewhat less expectation of life than other men of his age. This conclusion, based as it is upon an examination of the census data for a small part of the country, is a provisional one only.—Dr. John S. Billings in Forum.

The usual gentle Emerson can be cynical sometimes. This sentence of his is bitter enough for Timon: "Most men and most women are merely one couple more."

Nothing New.

In the immense parlor of a Fifth Avenue house vast as a desert, where heroic tapestries, gilded candelabra, furniture covered with antique damask, portraits of captains in white cravats, and of anastrophes of ladies with scarfs of flowers, evoked vanished epochs, the grandfather, whose hair is white as snow, declaimed, as is his custom every Sunday since the time when Polk was president. "Nothing ever happens," he said. "I mean nothing having an absolute characteristic for the man who was run over in Seventh Avenue yesterday at 8 o'clock might as well have lived 9,000 years ago and been run over in a street of Nineveh under the reign of Nebuchadnezzar. It is not the newspapers, but the newspaper men that I am interested in. Aren't you dazed by them?"

"Every morning, without a sign of fatigue, they serve the public with the sublime, the ironical, the gay and the farcical. They have charming and enthusiastic phrases, irresistible arguments, and, like a pianist with long fingers of quicksilver, they make the entire gamut laugh, murmur, sing and thunder endlessly. The things that they ignore they are bound to know, and they know them; the things that they could not do, they do; from their exhausted minds they draw inexhaustible inventions. They put their hands in their empty pockets and withdraw them filled with gold. They have not the time to dream, and they are compelled to be universal."—New York Times.

A Family Tree.

A pretty custom which was at one time common in some parts of New England was the setting apart of a "family tree." This tree was not of a dry, genealogical kind, but was always one of the finest in the orchard, selected with a view to its apple bearing abilities and its beauty.

In one little village many of the orchards have trees of this description, and the older inhabitants can refresh their memories as to the number of children in the families which have occupied farms at different times, provided the period of occupancy was long enough to make the setting up of a "family tree" worth while.

On one farm there is a large old tree which bears seven different varieties of apples: Baldwins, Jeremiahs, summer sweetings, winter pippins, Astrakhans, russets and gillyflowers. The grafts on this tree were made, not one at the birth of each child of the household, as was sometimes the custom, but when each boy or girl grew old enough to choose his or her special favorite among apples.

The tree is now more than sixty years old, and its present owner shows it with great pride, and gives samples of its fruit to the children of the neighborhood with a free hand.—Youth's Companion.

Well Disciplined Ducks.

During our stay at Hankow we visited a duck farm. The process of keeping the ducks is very simple. A large wooden shed stands near the edge of the river, where the owner of the farm or an employee spends the night with his feathered friends. There must have been several thousands of ducks in the farm we visited. Before sunrise the door of the shed was opened, and out ran the ducks, scrambling one over the other into the river, where they spend the day feeding.

As soon as sunset approaches, from all parts of the river they come, for they wander far among the rushes and islands during the day, and there is still more hurry and scurry to get into the shed than there was to get out at dawn. The reason is simple. Immovable by the door sits the Chinaman, a long cane in his hand, and woe betide the last duck to enter, for down on its back comes the long bamboo with a pain inflicting thud. In this way punctuality is insured among the ducks.

Children could hardly have learned their lesson better than the ducks.—Blackwood's Magazine.

How Man Sleeps.

Adult man is, I believe, the only animal who ever elects to sleep upon his back. Some of the lower savages seem to sleep comfortably on occasion in a crouching position, with the head bent down upon the knees, just as well as the common tribes of monkeys do. Among the quadrupeds it is not until we come to the platform building anthropoid types that we find a recumbent position habitually taken during sleep. The young orangs and chimpanzees that they have had at the zoological gardens slept with the body semiprone and with the limbs, or all except one arm, which was used as a pillow, curled under them. This is exactly the position voluntarily adopted by 80 per cent. of children between ten and twenty months old of which I have had opportunities of watching. I was told by the attendants at the zoological gardens that no ape will sleep flat on his back as adult man often does.—Nineteenth Century.

Sun, Moon and Earth.

When the earth was young, says Dr. Ball, astronomer royal for Ireland, it spun around at such a rate that the day was only three hours long. The earth was liquid then, and as it revolved at that fearful speed the sun caused ever increasing tides upon its surface until at last it burst in two. The smaller part became the moon, which has been going around the earth ever since at an increasing distance. The influence of the moon now raises tides on the earth, and while there was any liquid to operate on in the moon the earth heaped up much greater lunar tides.—New York Journal.

A Remarkable Medal.

A gentleman of Canajoharie, N. Y., has a remarkably fine brass medal from an Indian grave there. It is about an inch in length, and has on one side the head of Christ, with the words "Salvator Mundi." On the other side is the Virgin Mary, with the words "Regina Coeli." The engraving is bold and the medal is in a fine state of preservation.—Philadelphia Ledger.

CUT THIS OUT.

SAVE THIS AND WAIT

Wait until Monday, February 22d. Great Consolidated Sale of a Large Wholesale Firm that were burnt out. In consequence of the late fire \$750,000 worth of Men's and Boys' fine Clothing, Hats, Shoes, and other goods has been saved, and it has been decided to move the stock to the immense large Cooper Institute building, New York. The store used for this great sale occupies the entire block from 3d Avenue to 4th Avenue. Entrance will be corner 3d Avenue and 8th Street. The building has been cleared for one week to arrange for this great Fire Insurance Sale. The entire building will be open again and this great Fire Insurance Sale will commence on Monday, February 22d. Everything will be sold at retail 50 per cent. less than actual cost, as it is ordered that the entire stock must be closed out within 60 days. The stock consists of nearly \$750,000 worth of the finest quality of high grade Clothing for Men and Boys. Hats and Shoes, saved from the late fire. The appraiser for the insurance company, after carefully examining the stock of Clothing, concluded that same was not so badly damaged as claimed by the assured clothing manufacturers, and failing to agree as to actual loss we were forced to take the stock and turn it into money, and the goods must be sold at once in order to make a final settlement, as this sale will occupy the entire block from 3d to 4th Avenue. In order to show what gigantic bargains will be offered, a few prices are mentioned. Men's Elegant Beaver Overcoats, \$25.00, worth \$35.00. This \$25.00 overcoat, we allow you to keep home four days; if you don't think it worth \$10.00, we hereby bind ourselves to return the \$25.00. Men's Extra Fine Elysian Beaver Overcoats, \$35.00, guaranteed worth \$50.00. This \$35.00 overcoat, we allow you to keep home four days; if you don't think it worth \$15.00, we hereby agree to return the \$35.00. Men's extra fine quality suits, \$50.00, tailor made, guaranteed worth \$75.00. And if you don't think this suit is worth \$15.00, we hereby agree to return the \$50.00. And over 40,000 different kinds of suits, silk and satin lined, of finest quality. All must go, regardless of cost or quality. A splendid suit of Boys' Clothes, 85 cents, very handsome and worth \$1.00. Boys' Pants, 15 cents, worth \$1.00. Men's shoes, 15 cents, worth \$1.00. Silk Embroidered Suspenders, 10 cents, worth 25 cents. Good, large umbrellas, 70 cents, worth \$1.00. Men's fine wool undershirts and Drawers, 35 cents, worth 50 cents. Large Fine Handkerchiefs, 5 cents, worth 40 cents, and 100,000 different other goods we have not space to mention here. Don't fail to call and examine goods and prices at this great Fire Insurance Sale at retail. It costs nothing to call in and save for yourself, and you will find that the above are positive facts. A chance to get such bargains occurs only once in a lifetime. Remember the address, corner 3d Avenue and 8th Street, Cooper Institute building, New York City. During this Great Fire Insurance Sale both buildings will be open from 9 o'clock in the morning until 9 o'clock at night. Remember this Great Fire Insurance Sale does not commence until Monday, February 22d, and will only last 60 days. Cut this out. Save this and remember 3d Avenue corner 8th Street.

W. V. S. & Co.

Many of our callers the past week have shown such interest in Spring and Summer White Goods that we feel disposed to say a word on that subject now. The WHITE GOODS DEPARTMENT is extensive and we can give few details. Four specials for gauzy and cool dresses at 12 1/2-c. to \$1 a yard are India linen, India mull, silk mull and India dimity. Other dress materials are checks and stripes in Lawns, 12 1/2-c. to 50c., soft Nainsooks, Swiss mulls as low as 10c.

This department is largely devoted to material for Underwear, of course, and herein we excel. Allover tucks, cluster tucks, lace tucks and skirting tucks at 35c. to \$1 a yard, abound, and for combination with embroideries there is Batiste De L'Opera. The prices for White Cambrics for fine underwear are 10c. to 40c. We have an extensive assortment of Apron Lawns with band borders and many Hemstitched Lawn Skirtings to match embroideries. There is nothing in white goods material for dresses overlooked; and many novelties in trimmings, etc., are here also.

Read our advertisement in this paper, next issue.

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